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RURAL RIDE

*From Kensington, across Surrey,
and along that County.*

*Reigate, Wednesday Evening,
19th October, 1825.*

HAVING some business at Hartswood, near Reigate, I intended to come off this morning on horseback, along with my son Richard, but it rained so furiously the last night, that we gave up the horse project for to-day, being, by appointment, to be at Reigate by ten o'clock to-day: so that we came off this morning at five o'clock, in a post-chaise, intending to return home and take our horses. Finding, however, that we cannot quit this place till Friday, we have now sent for our horses, though the weather is dreadfully wet. But

we are under a farm-house roof, and the wind may whistle and the rain fall as much as they like.

*Reigate, Thursday Evening,
20th October, 1825.*

Having done my business at Hartswood to-day about eleven o'clock, I went to a *sale* at a farm, which the farmer is quitting. Here I had a view of what has long been going on all over the country. The farm, which belongs to *Christ's Hospital*, has been held by a man of the name of CHARINGTON, in whose family the lease has been, I hear, a great number of years. The house is hidden by trees. It stands in the Weald of Surrey, close by the *River Mole*, which is here a mere rivulet, though just below this house the rivulet supplies the very prettiest flour-mill I ever saw in my life.

Everything about this farm-house was formerly the scene of plain

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

manners and plentiful living. Oak clothes-chests, oak bedsteads, oak chests of drawers, and oak tables to eat on, long, strong, and well-supplied with joint-stools. Some of the things were many hundreds of years old. But all appeared to be in a state of decay and nearly of *disuse*. There appeared to have been hardly any *family* in that house, where formerly there were, in all probability, from ten to fifteen men, boys, and maids: and, which was the worst of all, there was a *parlour!* Aye, and a *carpet* and *bell-pull!* too! One end of the front of this once plain and substantial house had been moulded into a "*parlour*;" and there was the mahogany table, and the fine chairs, and the fine glass, and all as bare-faced upstart as any stock-jobber in the kingdom can boast of. And, there were the decanters, the glasses, the "*dinner-set*" of crockery ware, and all just in the true stock-jobber style. And I dare say it has been '*Squire* Charington and the *Miss Cha-*

ringtons; and not plain Master Charington, and his son Hodge, and his daughter Betty Charington, all of whom this accursed system has, in all likelihood, transmuted into a species of mock gentlefolks, while it has ground the labourers down into real slaves. Why do not farmers now *feed* and *lodge* their work-people, as they did formerly? Because they cannot keep them *upon so little* as they give them in wages. This is the real cause of the change. There needs no more to prove, that the lot of the working classes has become worse than it formerly was. This fact alone is quite sufficient to settle this point. All the world knows, that a number of people, boarded in the same house, and at the same table, can, with as good food, be boarded much cheaper than those persons divided into twos, threes, or fours, can be boarded. This is a well-known truth: therefore, if the farmer now shuts his pantry against his labourers, and pays them wholly in money, is it not clear, that he

does it because he thereby gives them a living *cheaper* to him ; that is to say, a *worse* living than formerly ? Mind, he has *a house* for them ; a kitchen for them to sit in, bed rooms for them to sleep in, tables, and stools, and benches, of everlasting duration. All these he has : all these *cost him nothing* ; and yet so much does he gain by pinching them in wages, that he lets all these things remain as of no use, rather than feed labourers in the house. Judge, then, of the *change* that has taken place in the condition of these labourers ! And, be astonished, if you can, at the *pauperism* and the *crimes* that now disgrace this once happy and moral England.

The land produces, on an average, what it always produced ; but, there is a new distribution of the produce. This 'Squire Charington's father used, I dare say, to sit at the head of the oak-table along with his men, say grace to them, and cut up the meat and the pudding. He might take a cup

of *strong beer* to himself, when they had none ; but, that was pretty nearly all the difference in their manner of living. So that all lived well. But, the 'Squire had many *wine-decanters* and *wine-glasses*, and "a *dinner set*," and a "*breakfast set*," and "*desert knives* ;" and these evidently imply carryings on and a consumption that must of necessity have greatly robbed the long oak-table if it had remained fully tenanted. That long table could not share in the work of the decanters and the dinner set. Therefore, it became almost untenanted ; the labourers retreated to hovels, called *cottages* ; and, instead of board and lodging, they got money ; so little of it as to enable the employer to drink wine ; but, then, that he might not reduce them to *quite starvation*, they were enabled to come to him, in the *king's name*, and demand food as *paupers*. And, now, mind, that which a man receives in the *king's name*, he knows well he has by force ; and it is not in nature that

he should *thank* any body for it, and least of all the party *from whom it is forced*. Then, if this sort of force be insufficient to obtain him *enough* to eat and to keep him warm, is it surprising, if he think it *no great offence against God* (who created no man to starve) to use *another sort of force* more within his own controul? Is it, in short, surprising, if he resort to *theft and robbery*?

This is not only the *natural progress*, but it *has been* the progress in England. The blame is not justly imputed to 'SQUIRE CHARINGTON and his like: the blame belongs to the infernal stock-jobbing system. There was no reason to expect, that farmers would not endeavour to keep pace, in point of show and luxury, with fundholders, and with all the tribes that *war* and *taxes* created.

Farmers were not the authors of the mischief; and *now* they are compelled to shut the labourers out of their houses, and to pinch them in their wages, in order to be able to pay their own taxes; and,

besides this, the manners and the principles of the working class are so changed, that a sort of self-preservation bids the farmer (especially in some counties) to keep them from beneath his roof.

I could not quit this farm-house without reflecting on the thousands of scores of bacon and thousands of bushels of bread that had been eaten from the long oak-table, which, I said to myself, is now, perhaps, going, at last, to the bottom of a bridge that some stock-jobber will stick up over an artificial river in his cockney garden. "By —— it *shan't*," said I, almost in a real passion: and so I requested a friend to buy it for me; and if he do so, I will take it to Kensington, or to Fleet-street, and keep it for the good it has done in the world.

When the old farm-houses are down (and down they must come in time) what a miserable thing the country will be! Those that are now erected are mere painted shells, with a Mistress within, who is stuck up in a place she calls a

parlour, with, if she have children, the “young ladies and gentlemen” about her: some showy chairs and a sofa (a *sofa* by all means): half a dozen prints in gilt frames hanging up: some swinging book-shelves with novels and tracts upon them: a dinner brought in by a girl that is, perhaps, better “educated” than she: two or three nick-nacks to eat instead of a piece of bacon and a pudding: the house too neat for a dirty-shoed carter to be allowed to come into; and every thing proclaiming to every sensible beholder, that there is here a constant anxiety to make a *show* not warranted by the reality. The children (which is the worst part of it) are all too clever to *work*: they are all to be *gentlefolks*. Go to plough! Good God! What, “young gentlemen” go to plough! They become *clerks*, or some skimmy-dish thing or other. They flee from the dirty *work* as cunning horses do from the bridle. What misery is all this! What a mass of materials for producing that

general and *dreadful convulsion* that must, first or last, come and blow this funding and jobbing and enslaving and starving system to atoms!

I was going, to-day, by the side of a plat of ground, where there was a very fine flock of *turkeys*. I stopped to admire them, and observed to the owner how fine they were, when he answered, “We “owe them entirely to you, Sir; “for, we never raised one, till we “read your COTTAGE ECONOMY.” I then told him, that we had, this year, raised two broods at Kensington, one black and one white, one of *nine* and one of *eight*; but, that, about three weeks back, they appeared to become dull and pale about the head; and, that, therefore, I sent them to a farm-house, where they recovered instantly, and the broods being such a contrast to each other in point of colour, they were now, when prowling over a grass field, amongst the most agreeable sights that I had ever seen. I intended, of course, to let them get their

full growth at Kensington, where they were in a grass plat about fifteen yards square, and where I thought that the feeding of them, in great abundance, with lettuces and other greens from the garden, together with grain, would carry them on to perfection. But, I found that I was wrong; and that, though you may raise them to a certain size, in a small place and with such management, they then, if so much confined, begin to be sickly. Several of mine began actually to droop: and, the very day after they got to the country, they became as gay as ever, and, in three days, all the colour about their heads came back to them.

This town of Reigate had, in former times, a PALORY, which had considerable estates in the neighbourhood; and this is brought to my recollection by a circumstance, which has recently taken place in this very town. We all know how long it has been the fashion for us to take it for granted, that the monasteries were bad

things; but, of late, I have made some hundreds of thousands of very good Protestants begin to suspect, that monasteries were better than poor-rates, and that monks and nuns, who fed the poor, were better than sinecure and pension men and women, who feed upon the poor. But, how came the monasteries? How came this that was at Reigate, for instance? Why, it was, if I recollect correctly, founded by a Surrey gentleman, who gave this spot and other estates to it, and who, as was usual, provided, that masses were to be said in it for his soul and those of others, and that it should, as usual, give aid to the poor and needy.

Now, upon the face of the transaction, what harm could this do the community? On the contrary, it must, one would think, do it good; for here was this estate given to a set of landlords who never could quit the spot; who could have no families; who could save no money; who could hold no private property; who

could *make no will*; who must spend all their income at Reigate and near it; who, as was the custom, fed the poor, administered to the sick, and taught some, at least, of the people, *gratis*. This, upon the face of the thing, seems to be a very good way of disposing of a rich man's estate.

"Aye, but," it is said, "*he left his estate away from his relations*." That is not *sure*, by any means. The *contrary is fairly to be presumed*. Doubtless, it was the custom for Catholic Priests, before they took their leave of a dying rich man, to advise him to think of the *Church and the Poor*; that is to say to exhort him to *bequeath something to them*; and this has been made a monstrous charge against that Church. It is surprising how blind men are, when they have *a mind to be blind*; what despicable dolts they are, when they desire to be cheated. We, of the Church of England, must have a special deal of good sense and of modesty, to be sure, to rail against the Catholic Church

on this account, when our own Common Prayer Book, copied from an Act of Parliament, commands our Parsons to do just the same thing!

Ah! Say the Dissenters, and particularly the Unitarians; that queer sect, who will have all the wisdom in the world to themselves; who will believe and won't believe; who will be Christians and who won't have *a Christ*; who will laugh at you, if you believe in the Trinity, and who would (if they could) boil you in oil if you do not believe in the Resurrection: "Oh!" say the Dissenters, "we know very well, that your *Church Parsons* are commanded "to get, if they can, dying people "to give their money and estates "to the *Church and the poor*, as "they call the concern, though "the poor, we believe, come in "for very little of what is got in "this way. But, what is *your Church*? We are the real "Christians; and we, upon our "souls, never play such tricks; "never, no never, terrify old

" women out of their stockings
 " full of guineas." " And, as to
 " us," say the UNITARIANS, " we,
 " the most *liberal* creatures upon
 " earth; we, whose virtue is in-
 " dignant at the tricks by which
 " the Monks and Nuns got le-
 " gacies from dying people to the
 " injury of heirs and other rela-
 " tions; we, who are the really
 " enlightened, the truly consistent,
 " the benevolent, the disinterested,
 " the exclusive patentees of the
" SALT OF THE EARTH,"
 " which is sold only at, or by ex-
 " press permission from, our old
 " and original warehouse and
 " manufactory, Essex-street, in
 " the Strand, first street on the
 " left, going from Temple Bar
 " towards Charing Cross; we
 " defy you to show, that Unitarian
 " Parsons....."

Stop your protestations and hear my Reigate Anecdote, which, as I said above, brought the recollection of the OLD PRIORY into my head. The readers of the Register heard me, several times, some years ago, mention Mr.

BARON MASERES, who was, for a great many years, what they call *Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer*. He lived partly in London and partly at Reigate, for more, I believe, than half a century; and he died, about two years ago, or less, leaving, I am told, *more than a quarter of a million of money*. The Baron came to see me, in Pall Mall, in 1800. He always came frequently to see me wherever I was in London; not by any means omitting to *come to see me in Newgate*, where I was imprisoned for two years, with a thousand pounds fine and seven years heavy bail, for having expressed my indignation at the flogging of Englishmen, in the heart of England, under a guard of German bayonets; and, to Newgate he always came in *his wig and gown*, in order, as he said, to show his abhorrence of the sentence. I several times passed a week, or more, with the Baron at his house, at Reigate, and might have passed many more, if my time and taste would

have permitted me to accept of his invitations. Therefore, I knew the Baron well. He was a most conscientious man; he was, when I first knew him, still a very clever man: he retained all his faculties to a very great age; in 1815, I think it was, I got a letter from him, written in a firm hand, correctly as to grammar, and ably as to matter, and he must then have been *little short of ninety*. He never was a bright man; but had always been a very sensible, just, and humane man, and a man too who always cared a great deal for the public good; and he was the only man that I ever heard of, who *refused to have his salary augmented*, when an augmentation was offered, and when all other such *salaries were augmented*. I had heard of this: I asked him about it when I saw him again; and he said: "There was no *work* to be added, and I saw no *justice* in adding to the salary. It *must*," added he, "*be paid by somebody*, and the more I take, "the less that somebody must "have."

He did not save money for money's sake. He saved it because his habits would not let him spend it. He kept a house in Rathbone Place, Chambers in the Temple, and his very pretty place at Reigate. He was by no means stingy, but his *scale* and *habits* were cheap. Then, consider, too, a *bachelor of nearly a hundred years old*. His father left him a fortune, his brother (who also died a *very old bachelor*), left him another; and the money lay in the funds, and it went on doubling itself over and over again, till it became that immense mass which we have seen above, and which, when the Baron was making his will he had neither Catholic priest nor Protestant parson to exhort him to leave to the church and the poor, instead of his relations; though, as we shall presently see, he had somebody else to whom to leave his great heap of money.

The Baron was a most implacable enemy of the Catholics, as Catholics. There was rather a peculiar reason for this, his grand-

father having been a *French Hugonot* and having fled with his children to England, at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. The Baron was a very humane man ; his humanity made him assist to support the French emigrant priests ; but, at the same time, he caused *Sir Richard Musgrave's book against the Irish Catholics to be published at his own expense*. He and I never agreed upon this subject ; and this subject was, with him, a *vital* one. He had no asperity in his nature ; he was naturally all gentleness and benevolence ; and, therefore, he never *resented* what I said to him on this subject (and which nobody else ever, I believe, ventured to say to him) ; but, he did not like it ; and he liked it the less because I certainly beat him in the argument. However, this was long before he visited me in Newgate : and it never produced (though the dispute was frequently revived) any difference in his conduct towards me, which was uniformly friendly to the last

time I saw him before his memory was gone.

There was great excuse for the Baron. From his very birth he had been taught to hate and abhor the Catholic religion. He had been told, that his father and mother had been driven out of France by the Catholics : and there was *that mother* dinging this in his ears, and all manner of horrible stories along with it, during all the tender years of his life. In short, the prejudice made part of his very frame. In the year 1803, in August, I think it was, I had gone down to his house on a Friday, and was there on a Sunday. After dinner he and I and his brother walked to the PRIORY, as is still called the mansion house, in the dell at Reigate, which is now occupied by LORD EASTNOR, and in which a MR. BIRKET, I think, then lived. After coming away from the PRIORY, the Baron (whose native place was Betchworth, about two or three miles from Reigate) who knew the history of every house and every

thing else in this part of the country, began to tell me why the place was called *the Priory*. From this he came to the *superstition* and *dark ignorance* that induced people to found monasteries; and he dwelt particularly on the *injustice to heirs and relations*; and he went on, in the usual Protestant strain, and with all the bitterness of which he was capable, against those *crafty priests*, who thus *plundered families* by means of the influence which they had over people in their dotage, or naturally weak-minded.

Alas! poor Baron! He does not seem to have at all foreseen what was to become of his own money! What would he have said to me, if I had answered his observations by predicting, that HE would give his great mass of money to a *little parson* for that *parson's own private use*; leave only a mere pittance to *his own relations*; leave the little parson his house in which we were *then sitting* (along with all his

other real property); that the little parson would come into the house and *take possession*; and that his own relations (two nieces) would *walk out*! Yet, all this has actually taken place, and that, too, after the poor old Baron's four-score years of jokes about the tricks of *Popish priests*, practised, in the *dark ages*, upon the *ignorant* and *superstitious* people of Reigate.

When I first knew the Baron he was a stanch *Church of England man*. He went to church every Sunday once, at least. He used to take me to Reigate church; and I observed, that he was very well versed in his prayer book. But, a decisive proof of his zeal as a Church of England man is, that he settled an annual sum on the incumbent of Reigate, in order to induce him to preach, or pray (I forget which), in the church, twice on a Sunday, instead of once; and, in case this additional preaching, or praying, were not performed in Reigate church, the annuity was to go (and

sometimes it does now go) to the poor of an adjoining parish, and not to those of Reigate, lest, I suppose, the parson, the overseers, and other rate-payers, might happen to think that the Baron's annuity would be better laid out in food for the bodies than for the souls of the poor; or, in other words, lest the money should be taken annually and added to the poor-rates to ease the purses of the farmers.

It did not, I dare say, occur to the poor Baron (when he was making this settlement), that he was now giving money to make a church parson put up additional prayers, though he had, all his life-time, been laughing at those, who, in the dark ages, gave money, for this purpose, to Catholic priests. Nor did it, I dare say, occur to the Baron, that, in his contingent settlement of the annuity on the poor of an adjoining parish, he as good as declared his opinion, that he distrusted the piety of the parson, the overseers, the churchwardens, and, indeed, of

all the people of Reigate: yes, at the very moment that he was providing additional prayers for them, he, in the very same parchment, put a provision, which clearly showed that he was thoroughly convinced that they, overseers, churchwardens, people, parson and all, loved money better than prayers.

What was this, then? Was it hypocrisy; was it ostentation? No: mistake. The Baron thought that those who could not go to church in the morning ought to have an opportunity of going in the afternoon. He was aware of the power of money; but, when he came to make his obligatory clause, he was compelled to do that which reflected great discredit on the very church and religion, which it was his object to honour and uphold.

However, the Baron was a staunch churchman, as this fact clearly proves: but of late years he had become what they call an Unitarian. The first time (I think) that I perceived this, was

in 1812. He came to see me in Newgate, and he soon began to talk *about religion*, which had not been much his habit. He went on at a great rate, laughing about the Trinity, and I remember that he repeated the Unitarian distich, which makes *a joke* of the idea of there being a devil, and which they all repeat to you, and at the same time laugh and look as cunning and as priggish as jack-daws; just as if they were wiser than all the rest of the world! I hate to hear the conceited and disgusting prigs, seeming to take it for granted, that they only are wise, because others *believe* in the incarnation, without being able to reconcile it to *reason*. The prigs don't consider, that there is no more *reason* for the *resurrection* than for the *incarnation*; and yet, having taken it into their heads to *come up again*, they would murder you, if they dared, if you were to deny the *resurrection*. I do most heartily despise this priggish set for their conceit and impiudence; but, seeing that they

want *reason* for the incarnation; seeing that they will have *effects*, here, ascribed to none but *usual causes*, let me put a question or two to them.

1. *Whence comes the white clover*, that comes up and covers all the ground, in America, where hard-wood trees, after standing for thousands of years, have been burnt down?
2. *Whence come* (in similar cases as to self-woods) the hurtle-berries in some places, and the raspberries in others?
3. *Whence come fish* in new-made places where no fish have ever been put?
4. *What causes horse-hair to become living things?*
5. *What causes frogs to come in drops of rain, or those drops of rain to turn to frogs the moment they are on the earth?*
6. *What causes mosquitoes to come in rain water caught in a glass, covered over immediately with oil paper, tied*

down, and so kept till full of very evident necessity. The poor these winged torments?

7. *What causes flounders, real little flat fish, brown on one side, white on the other, mouth side-ways, with tail, fins, and all, leaping alive, in the INSIDE of a rotten sheep's, and of every rotten sheep's, LIVER?*

There, prigs; answer these questions. Fifty might be given you; but these are enough. Answer these. I suppose you will not deny the facts? They are all notoriously true. The last, which of itself would be quite enough for you, will be attested on oath, if you like it, by any farmer, ploughman, and shepherd, in England. Answer this question 7, or hold your conceited gabble about the "*impossibility*" of that which I need not here name.

Men of sense do not attempt to discover that which it is *impossible to discover*. They leave things pretty much as they find them; and take care, at least, not to make changes of any sort, without

Baron, however, appeared to be quite eaten up with his "*rational Christianity*." He talked like a man who has made a *discovery* of his *own*. He seemed as pleased as I, when I was a boy, used to be, when I had just found a rabbit's stop, or a black-bird's nest full of young ones. I do not recollect what I said upon this occasion. It is most likely that I said nothing in contradiction to him. I saw the Baron many times after this, but I never talked with him about religion.

Before the summer of 1822, I had not seen him for a year or two, perhaps. But, in July of that year, on a very hot day, I was going down *Rathbone Place*, and, happening to cast my eyes on the Baron's house, I knocked at the door to ask how he was. His man servant came to the door, and told me that his master was at dinner. "Well," said I, "never mind; give my best respects to him." But, the servant (who had always been with him since I

knew him) begged me to come in, for that he was sure his master would be glad to see me. I thought, as it was likely that I might never see him again, I would go in. The servant announced me, and the Baron said, "Beg him to walk in." In I went, and there I found the Baron *at dinner*; but *not quite alone*; nor without *spiritual* as well as carnal and vegetable nourishment before him: for, there, on the opposite side of his *vis-à-vis* dining table, sat that nice, neat, straight, prim piece of mortality, commonly called the **REVEREND ROBERT FELLOWES**, who was the *Chaplain to the unfortunate Queen*, until *Mr. Alderman Wood's son* came to supply his place, and who was now, I could clearly see, *in a fair way enough*. I had dined, and so I let them dine on. The Baron was become quite a child, or worse, as to *mind*, though he ate as heartily as I ever saw him, and he was always a great eater. When his servant said, "Here is Mr. Cob-

bett, Sir;" he said, "How do you do, Sir? I have read much of your writings, Sir; but *never had the pleasure to see your person before*." After a time I made him recollect me; but, he, directly after, being about to relate something about America, turned towards me, and said, "Were you ever in America, Sir?" But, I must mention one proof of the state of his mind. Mr. FELLOWES asked me about the news from Ireland, where the people were then in a *state of starvation* (1822), and I answering, that *it was likely that many of them would actually be starved to death*, the Baron, quitting his green goose and green pease, turned to me and said, "Starved, Sir! Why don't they go to the parish?" "Why," said I, "you know, Sir, that there are no poor-rates in Ireland." Upon this he exclaimed, "What! no poor-rates in Ireland? Why not? I did not know that; I can't think how that can be." And then he rambled on in a childish sort of way.

At the end of about half an hour, or, it might be more, I shook hands with the poor old Baron for the last time, well convinced that I should never see him again, and not less convinced, that I had seen his *heir*. He died in about a year or so afterwards, left to his own family about 20,000*l.*, and to his *ghostly guide*, the **HOLY ROBERT FELLOWES**, all the rest of his immense fortune, which, as I have been told, amounts to more than a quarter of a million of money.

Now, the public will recollect, that, while Mr. FELLOWES was at the Queen's, he was, in the public papers, charged with being an *Unitarian*, at the same time that he officiated as *her chaplain*. It is also well known, that he never publicly contradicted this. It is, besides, the general belief at Reigate. However, this we know well, that he is a *parson*, of one sort or the other, and that he is not a *Catholic priest*. That is enough for me. I see this poor, foolish old man leaving a mon-

strous mass of money to this little *Protestant parson*, whom he had *not even known* more, I believe, than about three or four years. When the will was made I cannot say. I know nothing at all about that. I am supposing that all was perfectly fair; that the Baron had his senses when he made his will; that he clearly meant to do that which he did. But, then, I must insist, that, if he had left the money to a *Catholic priest*, to be by him expended on the endowment of a convent, wherein to say masses and to feed and teach the poor, it would have been a more sensible and public-spirited part in the Baron, much more beneficial to the town and environs of Reigate, and beyond all measure more honourable to his own memory.

Chilworth, Friday Evening,
21st Oct. 1825.

It has been very fine to-day. Yesterday morning there was snow on Reigate Hill, enough to look white from where we were in the valley. We set off about

half past one o'clock, and came all down the valley, through Buckland, Betchworth, Dorking, Sheer, and Aldbury, to this place. Very few prettier rides in England, and the weather beautifully fine. There are more meeting-houses than churches in the vale, and I have heard of no less than five people, in this vale, who have gone crazy on account of religion.

To-morrow we intend to move on towards the West; to take a look, just a look, at the *Hampshire parsons* again. The turnips seem fine; but they cannot be large. All other things are very fine indeed. Every thing seems to prognosticate a hard winter. All the country people say, that it will be so.

POOR-RATES,

Real emancipation for Ireland.

No less than ten gentlemen, no one of whom is, that I know of,

known to any one of the rest, have pressed me to republish in the Register, that part of the last published (or XI.) Number of the **PROTESTANT REFORMATION**, which gives the history of the causes and effects of *poor-rates* in England, and of the want of poor-rates in Ireland. These gentlemen deem the subject of the very greatest importance. So do I, and therefore, I comply with their request; and beg all my readers to bestow their best attention on this matter, which deeply affects us all. To imagine, that a few wigs and silk gowns, given to God knows who, or for what, can *emancipate* and *feed* an enslaved and hungry people! It is madness. But, bring the poor in constant contact with the rich by the means of poor-rates; and you change the whole nature of the community at once.

325. I am to speak, further on, of the monstrous *immoralities* produced in England by the "Reformation," and also of the *poverty*

and misery that it produced ; and then I shall have to trace (through *Acts of Parliament*) this poverty and misery up to the “ Reformation ;” yes, for therein we shall see, clearly as we see the rivulet bubbling out of the bed of the spring, the *bread and water* of England and the *potatoes* of Ireland ; but, even in this place, it is necessary to state the cause of the greater poverty and degradation of the Irish people. For ages, that ill-treated people have, in point of clothing and food, formed a *contrast* with the English. Dr. FRANKLIN, in speaking of Ireland, says, that “ one would think that *the cast-off clothes* of “ the “ working-people of England were “ sent over to be worn by the “ working people here.”

326. Whence comes it that this contrast has so long existed ? The soil and the climate of Ireland are as good as those of England. The islands are but a few miles asunder. Both are surrounded by the same sea. The people of the former are as able and as willing to

labour as those of the latter ; and of this they have given proof in all parts of the world, to which they have migrated, not to carry packs to cheat fools out of their money, not to carry the lash to make others work, but to share themselves, and cheerfully to share, in the hardest labours of those amongst whom they have sought shelter from the rod of unrelenting oppression. Whence comes it, then, that this contrast, so unfavourable to Ireland, has so long existed ? The answer to this interesting question we shall find by attending to the different measures, dealt out to the two people, during the long and cruel reign of which we are now speaking ; and we, at the same time, trace all the miseries of Ireland back, at once, to that “ Reformation,” the blessings of which have, with such persevering falsehood and hypocrisy, been dinned in our ears for ages.

327. We have seen, in Letter III. of this little work, paragraphs 50, 51, and 52, that the Catholic Church was not, and is not, an

affair of mere *abstract faith*; that it was not so *very spiritual* a concern as to scorn all cares relative to the *bodies* of the people; that one part, and that a capital part, of its business was, to cause works of *charity* to be performed; that this charity was not of so very spiritual a nature as not to be at all tangible, or obvious to the vulgar sense; that it showed itself in *good works* done to the needy and suffering; that the *tithes* and *offerings* and *income from real property*, of the Catholic Church, went, in great part, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to lodge and feed the stranger, to sustain the widow and the orphan, and to heal the wounded and the sick; that, in short, a great part, and indeed one of the chief parts, of the business of this Church was, to take care, that no person, however low in life, should suffer from want either of sustenance or care; and that the priests of this Church should have as few selfish cares as possible to withdraw them from this important part of their duty,

they were *forbidden to marry*. Thus, as long as this Church was the national Church, there were *hospitality* and *charity* in the land, and the horrid word "*pau-*
per" had never been so much as thought of.

328. But, when the *Protestant* religion came, and along with it a married priesthood, the poorer classes were plundered of their birth-right, and thrown out to prowl about for what they could beg or steal. **LUTHER** and his followers wholly rejected the doctrine, that *good works* were necessary to salvation. They held, that *faith*, and *faith alone*, was necessary. They *expunged from their Bible* the Epistle of **SAINT JAMES**, because it recommends, and insists on the necessity of, *good works*; which Epistle Luther called, "an Epistle of straw." The "Reformers" differed from each other, as widely as the colours of the rainbow, in most other things; but, they all agreed in this, that, *good works* were unnecessary to salvation, and that the

"*saints*," as they had the modesty to call themselves, could not forfeit their right to heaven by any sins, however numerous and enormous. By those, amongst whom plunder, sacrilege, adultery, polygamy, incest, perjury, and murder were almost as habitual as sleeping and waking; by those, who taught that the way to everlasting bliss could not be obstructed by any of these, nor by all of them put together; by such persons, *charity*, besides that it was a so well-known *Catholic* commodity, would be, as a matter of course, set wholly at nought.

329. Accordingly we see that it is necessarily excluded by the very nature of all Protestant establishments; that is to say, *in reality*; for, the *name* of charity is retained by some of these establishments; but, the substance no where exists. The Catholic establishment interweaves deeds of constant and substantial charity *with the faith itself*. It makes the two inseparable. The DOUAY CATECHISM, which the Protestant parsons so

much abuse, says, that "the first fruit of the Holy Ghost is *charity*." And, then, it tells us what charity is; namely, "to feed the hungry, " to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to visit and ransom captives, to harbour the harbourless, to visit the sick, to bury the dead." Can you guess, my friends, *why* fat Protestant parsons rail so loudly against this "wicked Douay Catechism"? It is in the nature of man to love all this. This is what "the gates of hell will never prevail against." This is what our fathers believed, and what they acted upon; and this it was that produced in them that benevolent disposition, which, thank God, has not yet been wholly extirpated from the breasts of their descendants.

330. Returning now, to paragraphs 50, 51, and 52, just mentioned; it is there seen, that the Catholic Church rendered all municipal laws about the *poor* wholly unnecessary; but, when that Church had been plundered and destroyed; when the greedy leading "Re-

formers" had sacked the convents and the churches; when those great estates, which *of right belonged* to the poorer classes, had been taken from them; when the parsonages had been first well pillaged, and the remnant of their revenues given to *married men*; then the *poor* (for poor there will and must be in every community) were left destitute of the means of existence, other than the fruits of begging, theft, and robbery. Accordingly, when "*good Queen Bess*" had put the finishing hand to the plundering of the Church and poor, once-happy and free and hospitable England became a den of famishing robbers and slaves. STRYPE, a Protestant, and an authority to whom HUME appeals and refers many hundreds of times, tells us of a letter from a Justice of the Peace in Somersetshire to the Lord Chief Justice, saying: "I may justly say, that the *able men* that are abroad, seeking the spoil and confusion of the land, are able, if they were reduced to good subjection, to give

"the greatest enemy her Majesty hath a strong battle, and, as they are now, are so much strength to the enemy. Besides, the generation that daily springeth from them, *is likely to be most wicked*. These spare neither rich nor poor; but, whether it be great gain or small, all is fish that cometh to net with them; and yet I say, both they and the rest are trussed up a-pace." The same Justice says: "In default of justice, many wicked thieves escape. For most commonly the most simple countrymen and women, looking no farther than to the loss of their own goods, are of opinion that they would not procure any man's death, for all the goods in the world." And while the "*good Bess*" complained bitterly of the *non-execution* of her laws, the same Protestant historian tells us, that "*she executed more than five hundred criminals in a year*, and was so little satisfied with that number, that she threatened to send private persons to see her penal laws executed '*for profit*

"and gain's sake." It appears "that she did not threaten in vain; for soon after this a complaint was made in Parliament, "that the stipendiary magistrate of that day was 'a kind of living creature, who for half a dozen of chickens would dispense with a dozen of penal statutes.'" She did not, however, stop, with this "*liberal*" use of the gallows. Such was the degree of beggary, of vagabondage and of thievishness and robbery, that she resorted, particularly in London and its neighbourhood, to *martial law*. This fact is so complete a proof of the horrible effects of the "*Reformation*" upon the moral state of the people, and it is so fully characteristic of the Government, which the people of England had, in consequence of that Reformation, become so debased as to submit to, that I must take the statement as it stands in HUME, who gives the very words of "*good and glorious Bess's*" commission to her head murderer upon this occasion.

"The streets of London were very

"much infested with *idle vagabonds and riotous persons*: the Lord Mayor had endeavoured to repress this disorder: the Star-chamber had exerted its authority, and inflicted punishment on these *rioters*. But the Queen, finding these remedies ineffectual, "revived" [revived? What does he mean by REVIVED?] "*martial law*, and gave Sir THOMAS WILFORD a commission, as Provost-martial: 'Granting him authority, and commanding him, upon *signification* given by the justices of the peace in London or the neighbouring counties, of such offenders, *worthy to be speedily executed by martial law*, to take them, and according to the justice of martial law, to execute them upon the gallows or gibbet.'" And yet, this is she, whom we have been taught to call "*good Queen Bess*"; this is she, of the "*glories*" of whose reign there are men of learning base enough to talk, even to this day!

331. But, such were the natu-

ral consequences of the destruction of the Catholic Church, and of the plundering of the poor, which accompanied that destruction, and particularly of lodging all power, ecclesiastical and civil, in the same hands. However, though this terrible she-tyrant spared neither racks nor halters, though she was continually reprobating the executors of her bloody laws for their *remissness* while they were strewing the country with the carcasses of malefactors or alleged malefactors, all would not do; that hunger, which breaks through stone-walls, set even *her* terrors and torments at defiance; at last, it was found to be absolutely necessary to make some general and permanent and solid provision for the poor; and, in the 43d year of her reign, was passed that Act, which is in force to this day, and which provides a maintenance for indigent persons, which maintenance is to come from the land, assessed and collected by overseers, and the payment enforced by process the most effectual and most

summary. And here we have the great, the prominent, the staring, the horrible and ever-durable consequence of the “Reformation”; that is to say, *pauperism established by law*.

332. Yet this was necessary. The choice that the plunderers had in England was this: *legal pauperism*, or, *extermination*; and this last they could not effect, and if they could, it would not have suited them. They did not possess power sufficient to make the people live in a state of three-fourths starvation, therefore they made a legal provision for the poor: not, however, till they had tried in vain all other methods of obtaining a something to supply the place of *Catholic charity*. They attempted, at first, to cause the object to be effected by *voluntary collections at the churches*; but, alas! those who now entered those churches, looked upon **LUTHER** as the great teacher; and he considered **SAINT JAMES**'s Epistle as an “epistle of straw.” Every attempt of this sort having failed, as it necessarily must, when

the *parsons*, who were to exhort others to charity, had enough to do to rake together all they could for their own wives and children; every Act (and there were many passed) short of a *compulsory tax*, enforced by *distraint of goods* and *imprisonment of person*, having failed, to this "glorious Bess" and her "Reformation" Parliament at last came; and here we have it to this day, filling the country with endless quarrels and litigation, setting parish against parish, man against master, rich against poor, and producing, from a desire of the rich to shuffle out of its provisions, a mass of hypocrisy, idleness, fraud, oppression, and cruelty, such as was, except in the deeds of the original "Reformers," never before witnessed in the world.

333. Nevertheless, it was, as far as it went, an act of justice. It was taking from the land and giving to the poor, a part, at least, of what they had been robbed of by the "Reformation." It was doing, in a hard and odious way, a part of that which had been done,

in the most gentle and amiable way by the Church of our fathers. It was, indeed, feeding the poor like dogs, instead of like one's children; but it was *feeding them*. Even this, however, the "*good Bess*" and her plundering minions thought too much to do for the vaguely-treated *Irish people*; and here we come to the *real cause* of that *contrast*, of which I have spoken in paragraph 325; here we come to that which made Dr. FRANKLIN suppose, or, to say, that any one might naturally suppose, that "the old clothes of the "working classes in England had "been sent over to be worn by the "same class in Ireland."

334. We have seen how absolute necessity compelled "*good Bess*" and her plunderers to make a legal provision for the relief of the indigent in England; we have seen, that it was only restoring to them a part of that of which they had been plundered; and, upon what principle was it, that they did not do the same with regard to the people of Ireland? These had

been plundered in precisely the same manner that the former had ; they had been plunged into misery by precisely the same means, used under precisely the same hypocritical pretences ; why were not they to be relieved from that misery in the same manner ; and *why was not the poor law to be extended to Ireland ?*

335. Base and cruel plunderers ! They *grudged* the relief in England ; but, they had no compulsory means to be obtained *out of England* ; and they found it impossible to make Englishmen compel one another to live in a state of three-fourths starvation. But, *they had England to raise armies in to send to effect this purpose in Ireland*, especially when those English armies were urged on by promised plunder, and were (consisting as they did of Protestants) stimulated by motives as powerful, or nearly so, as the love of plunder itself. Thus it was, that Ireland was pillaged without the smallest chance of even the restoration which the English obtained ; and

thus have they, down unto this our day, been a sort of outcasts in their own country, being stripped of all the worldly goods that God and nature allotted them, and having received not the smallest pittance in return. We talk of “*the outrages in Ireland*” ; we seem *shocked* at the violences committed there ; and that sapient, profound, candid and modest gentleman, Mr. ADOLPHUS, the other day, in pleading at one of the police-offices in London (a sphere to which his talents are exceedingly well adapted), took occasion, sought occasion, went out of his way to find occasion, to “*thank God*” that we, on *this side of St. George’s channel*, knew nothing of those outrages, which, when they were mentioned to the Irish, they ascribed to the *mistrule of ages*. Now, it might be a little too much to expect an answer of any sort from a lawyer so dignified as this police-pleader ; but, let me ask any English *gentleman*, or, any Englishman of any rank, except Mr. ADOLPHUS, what he thinks would be the con-

sequences here, if the poor-laws were abolished to-morrow? Mr. ADOLPHUS can hardly help knowing, that Parson MALTHUS and his tribe have been preaching up the wisdom of such abolition; he may remember, too (for the example was terrific), that Mr. SCARLETT was "*twisted down*" in consequence of his having had the folly to mould this proposition of Malthus into the form of a BILL; but, Mr. ADOLPHUS may not know, that petitions were preparing against that Bill, and that, too, from the payers of the poor-rates, stating, that, if such Bill were passed, there would be *no safety for their property or their lives*. Let us, then, have a little justice, at any rate; and, above all things, let us not, adding blasphemy to ignorance, insolence, and low, mob-courting sycophancy, "*thank God*" for the absence of outrages amongst us, as the wolf, in the fable, "*thanked God*" that he was not ferocious.

336. Why, there have been "*ages of misrule*" in Ireland, many, many ages too; or the land-holders of England have, during those ages, been most unjustly assessed. But, they are sensible, or, at least, the far greater part of them, that a provision for the indigent, a settled, certain, legal provision, coming out of the land,

is a *right* which the indigent possess, to use the words of BLACKSTONE, "in the very nature of civil society." Every man of reflection must know, that the labours, which the affairs of society absolutely demand, could never be performed but by persons who work for their bread; he must see, that a very large part of these persons will do no more work than is necessary to enable them to supply their *immediate wants*; and, therefore, he must see, that there always must be, in every community, a great number of persons who, from sickness, old age, from being orphans, widows, insane, and from other causes, will need *relief* from some source or other. This is the lot of civil society, exist wherever and however it may, and it will require a solider head than that which is on the shoulders of Mr. SCARLETT, to show, that this *need of relief*, to which all are liable, is not a *necessary ingredient* in the cement of civil society. The United States of America is a very happy country. The world has never yet seen a people better off. But, though the Americans cast off their allegiance to our king; though they abolished the monarchical rights; though they cast off the aristocracy of England; though they cast off the Church of Eng-

land; *they did not cast off the English poor-laws*; and this very act of turbulent Bess, extorted from her by their English fore-fathers, is, at this moment, as completely in force in New York as it is in Old York, in New London as in Old London, in New Hampshire as in Old Hampshire, and in that whole country, from one end to the other, as it is in Old England herself.

337. Has it not, then, been a "*misrule of ages*" in Ireland? Have not that people been most barbarously treated by England? An Irishman, who has a thousand times been ready to expire from starvation in his *native* land, who has been driven to *steal* sea weed to save himself from death, goes to America, feels hunger without having the means of relieving it; and there, in that *foreign* land, he finds, at once, be he where he may, an overseer of the poor, ready to give him relief! And, is such monstrous, such crying injustice as this still to be allowed to exist? The *folly* here surpasses, if possible, the *injustice* and the *cruelty*. The English landholders make the laws: we all know that. They subject, justly subject, their *own* es-

tates to assessments for the relief of the poor in England; and, while they do this, they exonerate the estates of the Irish landholders from a like assessment, and choose rather to tax themselves and to tax us and tax the Irish besides, for the purpose of paying an army to keep that starving people from obtaining relief by force! LORD LIVERPOOL, when the Scotch Lords and others applied to him, in 1819, for a grant out of the taxes, to relieve the starving manufacturers in *Scotland*, very wisely and justly said, "*No: have poor-laws, such as ours, and then your poor will be sure of relief.*" Why not say the same thing to the Irish landholders? Why not compel them to give to the people that which is their due? Why is Ireland to be the only civilized country upon the face of the earth, where no sort of settled, legal provision is made for the indigent, and where the *Pastors* are, at the same time, total strangers to the flocks, except in the season of shearing? Let us, at least, as long as this state of things shall be suffered to exist, have the decency not to cry out quite so loudly against the "*outrages of the Irish.*"

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending October 15.

Per Quarter.

	s. d.		s. d.
Wheat ..	64 2	Oats	26 3
Rye	41 9	Beans ...	45 10
Barley ..	40 9	Pease ...	55 11

Total Quantity of Corn returned as Sold in the Maritime Districts, for the Week ended October 15.

Qrs.	Qrs.
Wheat ..	43,520
Rye	349
Barley ..	36,627

Qrs.	Qrs.
Oats	27,073
Beans ...	3,828
Pease ...	3,652

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, October 15.

Qrs.	£.	s. d.	s. d.
Wheat..	3,889	for 12,898	1 4 Average, 66 3
Barley..	3,952	.. 18,462	9 10.....42 9
Oats..	4,545	.. 6,644	18 1.....29 2
Rye	11 26 9	0.....48 1
Beans..	2,054	... 4,891	15 2.....47 7
Pease..	1,809 5,146	19 3.....56 10

Friday, Oct. 21.—The supplies this week are moderate of most kinds of Grain, with a large quantity of Flour. Wheat of prime quality is so much wanted as to sell freely at rather more than last Monday's terms; in

other sorts not much doing. Barley is dull, but prices unaltered. Beans and Pease have no variation from Monday. Oats of fine quality sell readily, at Monday's terms, but there is not much doing in other sorts.

Monday, Oct. 24.—There were good arrivals of nearly all descriptions of Grain last week, and this morning there is a fair quantity of Wheat, Barley, Beans, and Pease, from Essex and Kent, moderate from Suffolk, and very little from the northern ports or Ireland. Prime Wheat has sold with tolerable readiness at the terms of last Monday; but other qualities are very dull in disposal.

The probability of the ports opening for Barley, has given this trade a great check, and the prices are declined full 1s. per quarter. Beans fully support last quotations. Pease, of both kinds, are dull, but not lower. There is a brisk trade for good Oats, on the terms of last week, and other kinds are full as dear, though not so free in sale. In the Flour Trade there is no alteration.

Price on board Ship as under.

Flour, per sack	55s. — 60s.
— Seconds	52s. — 54s.
— North Country ..	45s. — 50s.

Account of Wheat, &c. arrived in the Port of London, from Oct. 17 to Oct. 22, both inclusive.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat..	5,685	Tares	45
Barley ..	6,448	Linseed ..	4,845
Malt....	5,892	Rapeseed.	3
Oats	17,317	Brank ..	—
Beans ...	1,906	Mustard..	204
Flour....	14,436	Flax	—
Rye....	10	Hemp ...	—
Pease....	1,587	Seeds ...	—
Foreign.—		Wheat, 2,140; Barley, 4,190; Oats, 7,020 quarters; and Flour, 20 barrels.	

Price of Hops per Cwt. in the Borough.

Monday, Oct. 24.—This market remains steady for New Hops, though the sale is not brisk. New Sussex, 18*l.* 10*s.* to 19*l.* 10*s.*; Kent, 19*l.* to 23*l.*; 1824, 14*l.* to 16*l.* 16*s.*; 1822, 9*l.* 15*s.* to 11*l.* 11*s.*; 1819, 6*l.* 10*s.* to 7*l.* 10*s.* Duty, 22,000*l.*

Maidstone, Oct. 22.—At our Fair last Monday, there was less business transacted than was ever known on that day, the planters, in consequence of the great deficiency in their growths, were all asking higher prices, say from 20*l.* to 24*l.* per cwt., which the buyers not being inclined to give, placed the trade quite in a stagnation, and it has continued very dull ever since.

City, 26th Oct. 1825.

BACON.

Notwithstanding the smallness of the stock of old Bacon, it seems very probable, that there will be enough left to cause a heavy loss to the holders. Old, landed, 64*s.* to 66*s.* New, 60*s.* on board.

BUTTER.

The excess of the supplies to this time, as compared with those of last year, is between 2,000 and 3,000 tons; and yet prices continue to ad-

vance! Landed: Dutch, 126*s.*; Carlow, 108*s.*; Cork, 108*s.*; Waterford, 106*s.*

CHEESE.

Cheshire, 72*s.* to 84*s.*; Double Gloucester, 70*s.* to 78*s.*; Single, 64*s.* to 72*s.*

Monday, Oct. 24.—The arrivals from Ireland last week were 860 firkins of Butter, and 70 bales of Bacon; and from Foreign Ports 5,856 casks of Butter.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Oct. 24.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s. d.	s. d.	
Beef	4 2	to 5 0	
Mutton ...	4 8	— 5 4	
Veal	5 6	— 6 6	
Pork	5 4	— 6 4	
Lamb	0 0	— 0 0	
Beasts ...	3,224	Sheep ..	19,760
Calves ...	183	Pigs ...	130

NEWGATE, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s. d.	s. d.
Beef	3 2	to 4 2
Mutton ...	3 6	— 4 3
Veal	3 8	— 5 8
Pork	4 8	— 6 8
Lamb	0 0	— 0 0

LEADENHALL, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead):

	s. d.	s. d.
Beef	3 4	to 4 4
Mutton ...	4 0	— 5 0
Veal	4 4	— 6 0
Pork	4 4	— 6 4
Lamb	0 0	— 0 0

COAL MARKET, Oct. 24.

Ships at Market.	Ships sold.	Price.
53½ Newcastle..	46½	35s. 0d. to 43s. 9d.
18 Sunderland..	16½	35s. 6d.—44s. 6d.

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS.—per Ton.

Ware	£4 0 to 6 10
Middlings.....	3 0 — 0 0
Chats	2 0 — 2 10
Common Red..	6 0 — 0 0

BOROUGH.—per Ton.

Ware	£4 0 to 5 10
Middlings.....	2 10 — 3 0
Chats.....	2 5 — 0 0

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—	Hay....70s. to 100s.
	Straw...36s. to 42s.
	Clover.. 84s. to 110s.
St. James's.—	Hay.... 70s. to 105s.
	Straw .. 38s. to 49s.
	Clover., 80s. to 120s.
Whitechapel.—	Hay....70s. to 100s.
	Straw...36s. to 44s.
	Clover., 80s. to 126s.

COUNTRY CORN MARKETS.

By the QUARTER, excepting where otherwise named; from Wednesday to Saturday last, inclusive.

The Scotch Markets are the Returns of the Week before.

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans	Pease.
	s. to s. d.				
Aylesbury	60 70 0	42 45 0	28 33 0	50 53 0	57 58 0
Banbury.....	64 72 0	47 50 0	29 32 0	50 54 0	0 0 0
Basingstoke	59 76 0	37 44 0	24 28 0	47 54 0	0 0 0
Bridport.....	60 72 0	28 33 0	24 26 0	48 0 0	0 0 0
Chelmsford.....	60 76 0	40 45 0	27 33 0	40 44 0	44 52 0
Derby.....	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Devizes.....	60 75 0	44 48 0	20 34 0	52 58 0	0 0 0
Dorchester.....	56 70 0	35 40 0	25 29 0	46 56 0	0 0 0
Exeter.....	66 74 0	44 52 0	21 25 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Eye	55 69 0	35 44 0	26 30 0	36 41 0	40 45 0
Guildford.....	56 78 0	38 45 0	0 0 0	48 54 0	51 53 0
Henley	70 82 0	40 47 0	27 34 0	53 58 0	41 50 0
Horncastle.....	60 64 0	40 43 0	20 25 0	48 50 0	42 48 0
Hungerford.....	56 76 0	40 45 0	26 34 0	48 61 0	0 0 0
Lewes.....	56 72 0	41 42 0	25 29 6	0 0 0	48 53 0
Newbury	52 80 0	37 46 0	26 34 0	50 60 0	0 0 0
Newcastle	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Northampton.....	64 70 0	44 48 0	25 33 0	50 52 0	46 48 0
Nottingham	69 0 0	47 0 0	28 0 0	54 0 0	0 0 0
Reading	60 83 0	40 49 0	26 36 0	48 58 0	52 57 0
Stamford.....	60 72 0	39 50 0	23 30 0	41 50 0	0 0 0
Stowmarket	56 72 0	31 44 0	27 32 0	40 50 0	44 0 0
Swansea	68 0 0	40 0 0	24 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Truro	67 0 0	40 0 0	33 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Uxbridge	64 84 0	42 46 0	26 34 0	50 54 0	52 0 0
Warminster.....	56 74 0	35 48 0	28 33 0	52 60 0	0 0 0
Winchester.....	65 0 0	38 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	36 0 0
Dalkeith*	35 39 0	27 32 0	20 24 6	22 25 0	24 26 0
Haddington*	28 39 0	27 32 0	19 24 0	21 25 0	21 25 0

* Dalkeith and Haddington are given by the *boll*.—The Scotch *boll* for Wheat, Rye, Pease, and Beans, is three per cent. more than 4 bushels. The *boll* of Barley and Oats, is about 6 bushels Winchester, or as 6 to 8 compared with the English quarter.

Liverpool, Oct. 18.—During the past week there was very little business done here in any article of the Corn trade, beyond supplying the immediate wants of the Millers and dealers, at about late prices. This day's market was tolerably well attended, and sales of Wheat and Oats were effected, to a moderate extent, on the terms of this day se'nnight.

Imported into Liverpool, from the 11th to 17th October, 1825, inclusive:—Wheat, 6,956; Barley, 2,940; Oats, 10,021; Malt, 185; Beans, 72; and Pease, 70 quarters. Flour, 1,686 sacks, per 280 lbs. Oatmeal, 439 packs, per 240 lbs.

Norwich, Oct. 22.—We had but a scanty supply of Wheat to-day, prices of Red 58s. to 66s.; White 68s.; of Barley the quantity was also not very large, prices from 36s. to 43s.; Oats, very few samples shown, those sold from 26s. to 32s.; Beans, 38s. to 46s.; Pease, 38s. to 43s.; Boilers, 36s. per quarter; and Flour, 48s. to 51s. per sack.

Bristol, Oct. 22.—The prices of Corn, &c. at this place, at present, are steady. The following statement is nearly correct:—Wheat, from 6s. 6d. to 9s.; Barley, 3s. 3d. to 5s. 10½d.; Beans, 3s. 9d. to 7s.; Oats, 2s. 3d. to 3s. 6d.; and Malt, 6s. to 8s. 9d. per bushel. Flour, Seconds, 32s. to 54s. per bag.

Ipswich, Oct. 22.—Our market to-day was shortly supplied with all Grain. Wheat was much as last week. Barley full 1s. per quarter lower. Prices as follow:—Wheat, 60s. to 71s.; Barley, 37s. to 43s.; Beans, 40s. to 46s.; and Pease, 46s. per quarter.

Wisbech, Oct. 22.—Wheat sold freely to-day, at about 1s. above last quotations. The few Oats and Beans offered were taken off at last week's prices.—Red Wheat, 58s. to 65s.; White ditto, 66s. to 68s.; Oats, 22s. to 24s.; fine, 28s.; Beans, new, 40s. to 42s., and old, 48s. per quarter.

Malton, Oct. 22.—Our Corn market has been without any degree of variation for some weeks past.—Wheat, 70s. to 72s. per quarter, five stone per bushel; Barley, 40s. to 48s. per quarter; Oats, 12½d. to 13d. per stone.

Hull, Oct. 22.—We continue to receive very limited supplies of all Grain; the Millers, in consequence, have become eager purchasers of the choicest Wheats, either old or new, and gave full 1s. per quarter above the currency of this day se'nnight. Secondary descriptions met free sale. Beans and Oats fully support former rates. The great probability of the ports opening for Barley in November, induces the seller of that article to offer on lower terms, still the maltsters appear influenced by the same cause, and decline buying beyond their momentary wants.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Oct. 22.—We had a good supply of Wheat from the farmers this morning, and the condition not being so good as it has been hitherto, the sale was dull at last week's prices for all descriptions, except dry selected samples. Rye continues dull sale. The Barley trade has been in a state of stagnation the last few days. The maltsters think it probable that the ports may open next month, and they consequently refuse to buy, except at reduced prices. The sellers on the other hand, (although, perhaps, holding the same opinion,) refuse to submit to lower prices for the best quality, as they conceive that the opening of the ports in November would not greatly add to the stock of malting Barley, so little of the new crop could be imported before the ports would again close. The supply of new Oats was short, and the sale was brisk at 1s. per quarter advance.

COUNTRY CATTLE AND MEAT MARKETS, &c.

Norwich Castle Meadow, Oct. 22.—The supply of fat Cattle to this day's market was not so good as last week, prices from 7s. to 8s. 3d. per stone of 14lbs. Store Cattle were supplied more liberally. Scots sold from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 0d. per stone, when fat. Short Horns and Devons from 4s. to 5s. 3d. Meat—Beef, 7d. to 9d.; Veal, 8d. to 10d.; Mutton, 6½d. to 8d.; Lamb, 9d.; and Pork, 7d. to 8½d. per lb.

Hornastle, Oct. 22.—Beef, 8s. per stone of 14 lbs.; Mutton, 7d.; Pork, 7d. to 7½d.; and Veal, 8d. to 9d. per lb.

Bristol, Oct. 20.—Beef, from 6½d. to 7d.; Mutton, 6½d. to 7d.; and Pork, 6d. per lb. sinking offal.

Malton, Oct. 22.—Meat in the shambles : Beef, 7d. to 8d.; Mutton, 7d. to 7½d.; Pork, 7d. to 8d.; and Veal, 8d. to 9d. per lb.

At *Morpeth* market, on Wednesday, there were a good many Cattle, which met with dull sale, at last week's prices.—Beef, from 6s. 6d. to 7s. 3d.; Mutton, 6s. 9d. to 8s.; and Lamb, 6s. 3d. to 7s. 3d. per stone, sinking offal.

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN, sold in the Maritime Counties of England and Wales, for the Week ended October 15, 1825.

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
London*	65 7....42	1....28	6
Essex	66 9....41	2....27	10
Kent.....	64 2....40	5....29	0
Sussex.....	61 4....40	2....25	4
Suffolk	63 10....40	7....27	6
Cambridgeshire.....	62 8....41	11....23	8
Norfolk	63 7....40	1....28	9
Lincolnshire	65 4....44	0....22	6
Yorkshire	62 3....42	4....23	0
Durham	63 7....43	0....26	8
Northumberland	60 9....38	10....26	0
Cumberland	61 2....37	5....24	0
Westmoreland	63 9....34	0....23	8
Lancashire	63 6....34	3....23	9
Cheshire	64 5....50	8....25	2
Gloucestershire.....	70 3....46	8....29	2
Somersetshire	69 5....43	0....24	8
Monmouthshire.....	66 10....48	3....28	8
Devonshire	64 7....39	10....27	0
Cornwall.....	65 2....38	2....29	4
Dorsetshire	65 6....39	4....26	4
Hampshire	63 11....40	3....24	4
North Wales	63 11....39	0....23	6
South Wales	59 6....35	4....21	0

* The London Average is always that of the Week preceding.